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Plan for Buoying the Ocean.

Prospectus of a new System of Beaconsing.—By His Majesty's Royal Letters Patent granted to Robert Dickinson, Great Queen-Street, London.—From the Philosophical Journal.—With an Engraving.

There is something so new in this Prospectus, and the benefits to be expected from the adoption of the system it recommends are so many and so important, that we cannot too earnestly recommend it to the attention and speedy adoption of those who from their situation possess the means of giving efficacy to any plan calculated to benefit the interests of navigation and humanity. Induced by the statements in the Prospectus to examine for ourselves the models of the patentee, we waited on the inventor, and bestowed on them a very careful inspection; and we have no hesitation in stating that, in our opinion, the system is quite scientific, and so perfect as to leave little or nothing to be desired, but its speedy and universal adoption by the common consent and patronage of all the maritime powers.—*Edit. of the Philosophical Journal.*

PROSPECTUS.

The design of this Prospectus is to propose a new beacon, of the following description and uses, with a view to beaconing the seas of the world.

1st. Every beacon on this construction will tell the longitude, latitude, soundings, bearings and distance from land; how to be approached, currents, &c. with every other particular which the most elaborate and correct survey can describe.

2dly. Every beacon, and the particulars belonging thereto, will be as well known and as familiar to navigators of the remotest climes, and of all nations, as to those of its own country.

3dly. It presents the figure of an erect pillar (see the Plate), and can be placed in all fathomable depths of any reasonable size and elevation, say from 6 to 18 or 20 feet in height.

4thly. It will always be found precisely in the spot where it was first laid down.

5thly. Being erect, it can be seen at a much greater distance than the present buoy.

6thly. It will remain completely water-tight.

7thly. While it defies alike the raging tempest, the fields of ice, weeds, the shock of a first-rate man of war, or any other body with which it may be assailed; that of the ordinary size is so reed-like and yielding, that the smallest jolly-boat would not, if suffered to run against it, be in the least injured.

8thly. Lastly, perhaps not least to be regarded, (as it may tend to its being more disseminated over the ocean and different seas,) it can be put down at a small expense; and, incredible as the foregoing may appear, the patentee (after one month's preparation) will engage to furnish twenty beacons a week with all their appendages, and send to any quarter of the globe. (a)

To show how the superiority now described is effected, the following observations are offered:—It consists, 1st and principally,

(a) Corporate bodies, and such individuals as desire to see the models, with their description, will be pleased to apply by letter, addressed "To the Patentee, 58, Great Queen Street."

in the singularity of its shape, which is not very unlike that of a shoulder of mutton before the shank is cut off. 2dly. In the systematic arrangements respecting its moorings; and, 3dly, In its speaking an universal language.

In giving the bodies intended for sea beacons the form of a cone, (as is always been done,) a great error was committed, as no shape affording so much resistance, and therefore so badly calculated for the passing of the water, could have been found. The next error was, in loading this ill-formed body, which ought to have been as light as possible, with a tremendous heavy chain. Both these evils are here avoided, the shape offered being much sharper in the water than the sharpest Thames wherry; and not being loaded by the chain, as will be shown, the resistance is much less than that of a wherry, and it rides considerably lighter in the water.

The annexed Engraving will convey some idea of the improved form given to this beacon; which also, in what regards floatage, presents, it is presumed, a new practical principle, and which the patentee is vain enough to imagine, will be thought to possess considerable novelty, as hitherto the effect now produced, viz. the floating of a pillar, has never, that he knows of, been accomplished, without the very objectionable incumbrance of an enormous bulk, and a quantity of counterpoising ballast, proportioned to the elevation of the object to be raised. Indeed, it is hardly credible, after the numberless improvements that have been introduced into nautical science, that the beacon should have remained, for so many centuries, in a state so defective, seeing as one does (*vide Lloyd's List*) that more casualties and shipwrecks are occasioned by getting aground, (which beacons are intended as, and perhaps are, the only means of preventing,) than from any or all other causes united.—Hence, it is a duty incumbent on mankind generally, to endeavour to render this system perfect, or as nearly so as can be attained by human invention, by human assiduity, and by an accordance of sentiment in all the maritime nations of the world; and, seeing that the benefit to the human race and the advantages of such an union would be reciprocal, it cannot fail, soon or late, of being carried into effect.

The part of the beacon represented out of water, is a pillar, of three or four equal sides, on each of which is painted the same number, whether it be one or one thousand, in such a manner that, when the units are exceeded, the figures must be written

downward: 10 thus, $\begin{smallmatrix} 1 \\ 0 \end{smallmatrix}$;—15 thus, $\begin{smallmatrix} 1 \\ 5 \end{smallmatrix}$;—399 thus, $\begin{smallmatrix} 3 \\ 9 \\ 9 \end{smallmatrix}$;—and, from the form of the pillar, it is difficult to take any position in which the figures will not on one side be seen and distinguished at a considerable distance; and ships beyond reading distance, if they want information, will approach nearer to obtain it.

A Beacon Book, or Formula of References, is to be printed in various languages, wherein will be laid down, by means of corresponding numbers all the particulars relating to every beacon, and which book, when referred to by the bewildered mariner meeting with a beacon, will, of course, instantly acquaint him with his situation, the dangers and difficulties by which he is surrounded, &c. &c. (b)

A writer in the American Philosophical Transactions truly remarks, that "the duties of a buoy (meaning a beacon) are most

(b) To say any thing respecting the mode of distributing such books, would at present be premature. Those with whom it must lie, to give efficacy to the system, will be at no loss to give them circulation by means of the Custom-houses whence vessels are cleared out for sea.

imperious; to the performance, however, of which, it is lamentable to reflect, from their construction and appointment, they are wholly incompetent; for, in fact, all they tell is—'Hereabouts is danger'; but on what side, or to what extent, the bewildered stranger is left to guess and find out." And, in truth, it would be difficult for the imagination to conceive an idea of any thing so rude, shapeless, ill-chosen, and unmeaning, as the cann-buoy, the present beacon, as it is called.

"But (it may be objected) is it to be expected that all the nations of the earth can be brought to concur in the establishment of such a system?"—To this it may be answered, that, all having an obvious interest in such establishment, it is not unreasonable to believe, that every civilized state may be easily induced to lend its aid to the perfecting of a plan which promises so many benefits to the human race generally. In the mean time, it is consoling to humanity to know, that, among ourselves, there is no want of either heads or hearts to patronize and cherish any rational plan, which has for its object the saving of the lives of thousands of our fellow-creatures (now sacrificed to a system left defective, merely because the possibility of a remedy was not contemplated), and adding much to the comfort and happiness of all who are doomed to traverse the ocean. The Right Honourable the Lords of the Admiralty, the Minister for the Foreign Department, the Brethren of the Trinity House, are sufficient to call it into action without any foreign concurrence. On our own coasts there is much occasion for it; nor can it be reasonably doubted, that, meeting with the countenance of our own Government, most of the European maritime powers, and also the United States, would easily be induced to lend a hearty co-operation.

In favour of any exertion that may be made for establishing a general system of Beaconing; it is to be remarked, that the contrivance already alluded to, of employing buoys attached to different parts of a chain (see the Engraving), to act as carriers, besides furnishing a means for planting beacons in comparatively deep seas, is calculated to promote the undertaking by the facilities which it affords in point of expense. The chain, as already stated, may be very small; for each carrier bears its own portion of it, and the ultimate strength wanted is only what may be required to withstand the current (when there is one) and the wind; neither of which can ever exercise any power upon the beacon, at all to be compared with what is now required to sustain a common beacon chain (c). The beacon itself has nothing to carry but a few links of that portion by which it is united to the upper carrier; and the form, and the material of which it is made, (viz. metal) (d), suffers any vessel or other floating body which may come in contact with it, to pass, without any other effect than moving it to one side, or passing over it; after which, it will instantly recover its position, and perform its duty as before; so that the expense of maintenance will be trifling. Nor is the saving in weight (which in every case will be at least 80 per cent.) the only benefit that results from the use of carriers: the greater part of the expense of manufacture can also be dispensed with, straight rods linked to each other at their ends, answering as well as the most expensive chains.

The advantages which will present themselves to the minds of those acquainted with nautical matters, as likely to result from this system, must be manifold beyond any thing that the author (who is no sailor) can conceive; but one thing is obvious, that it must prove highly beneficial that these beacons (instead of rolling about like so many porpoises, scarcely visible,) are always standing erect, exhibiting a height of from six to twenty feet above the surface, and may be seen to intercept the line of the horizon at several miles distance.

(c) The strength required when only the strain occasioned by wind and current is to be provided against, is much less than most people would imagine. In an experiment made at sea, off Southend, in twelve fathom water in a very high wind, a piece of common jack-chain (unable to sustain two hundred weight without breaking) was found perfectly adequate to keep a beacon exposing six feet of height above the surface, in its place, the chain being borne by three carriers.

(d) Experience has shown that wood, as a material, is but ill adapted for marine beacons. It is apt to admit water, and need tapping, easily damaged by worms, subject to rapid decay, and but ill suited to be worked into the best form for a beacon. The patentee has adopted iron, as a material subject to none of these objections, being homogeneous, impervious to water and worms, and expanding or contracting equally in all its parts, when exposed to changes of temperature. Should it be objected that iron will soon be destroyed by rust, it is answered, the patentee has a method of coating his iron, so as to defend it for a great number of years; as is proved by some beacons furnished by him for Government, and which have been for a considerable time in use at the Island of Bermuda.

Nor is the proposed system applicable to shallows only. As it provides means for sustaining chains of any length, it is now possible to plant beacons in any seas that can be sounded. And it deserves particular notice, that the method which has been devised for sustaining chains, however heavy, proves at the same time, a means for rendering chains that are comparatively light, able alike now to perform all that duty which formerly required very heavy and strong chains. Nay, more: light chains can now be made to perform what could not be done at all formerly; for, in proportion to the depth, so it was then necessary to increase the strength, not merely to enable the chain to restrain the buoy, unnecessarily bulky, &c. and improperly loaded, but even to sustain its own weight (e). From this circumstance, the utmost depth that could be reached was, comparatively, very limited; no means being known before, whereby it could be accomplished. The thing, however, is now practicable; and, sooner or later, it will be effected; for it is equally rational that the seas should be furnished with navigation-posts, as that travellers by land should have the convenience of mile-stones and finger-posts provided for them. (f)

(e) The common beacon having a great weight to carry, is necessarily obliged to be made very bulky; and in consequence, there is a constant struggle between the buoy and the chain at the passing of every wave; by which repeated tugging action, the block to which the other end of the chain is made fast, is, by innumerable and constantly repeated hitches, gradually removed from its place, sometimes a mile or two; an event that never can occur with the telegraphic or pillar beacon, which having no belly above the water line, is not affected by the waves; and having only its own fastening to carry, requires from the block and its chain no more than simply to resist the current; a pressure to which the strength of one man is more than equal. The consequence of a beacon changing its situation is, that it changes also its character, and instead of being the mariner's beacon and friend, becomes a deceiver, and a decoy to his destruction.

(f) The summits of the new beacon are made conical and sharp pointed, to prevent birds from resting on them, and obliterating the figures.

Son of the Morning.

Our readers will remember the Query from Barrackpore regarding the personage alluded to by Lord Byron in the third Stanza of the second Canto of *Childe Harold*, under the appellation of "Son of the Morning."

In our Reply to that Query, in the 126th Number of our Journal for July 4th, we said, "Lucifer, Son of the Morning, is one of the poetic titles of Satan, alluding probably to the glory with which the dawn of his existence was accompanied, as one of the favorite angels of heaven; from which, by his rebellion against Omnipotence, he fell;" and we endeavoured to defend this interpretation by illustration.

In No. 133 of the Journal for July 13, our Correspondent thanks us for so prompt a notice of his Query, but expresses his doubt of our interpretation being correct, and distinctly says—"Though Lucifer is called the *Star*, it is not usual to call him the *Son of the Morning*, nor is it probable that Lord Byron would have preferred the latter epithet as more poetical than former."

A Correspondent from Allahabad, who signs W. E. in noticing this subject in a Letter to us, cites the direct authority of Isaiah, for the use of the appellation, and he might have added, for the origin of it, for we do not remember it in any earlier Book of the Scriptures.

It is possible that our Barrackpore Friend, when thinking of the *Star of the Morning*, had an imperfect recollection of the beautiful passage of Job, when in speaking of the joy of the angels at the creation before the fall, he says, "When the *morning stars* sang together, and all the *sons of God* shouted for joy." (Job, c. 38, v. 8.) The passage of Isaiah is so clearly to the point, and at the same time so beautiful that it may be given at length, from c. 14, v. 12 to 15.

"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit."

Scientific Miscellanea.

From the Annals of Philosophy, No. LXXIV.; by Thomas Thomson, M.D. F.R.S.L. & E. Regious Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow, &c. &c. for February, 1819.

Effect of Common Salt on the Solubility of Nitre in Water.

A curious set of experiments on this subject has been recently published by M. Longchamp. I shall here state some of the most remarkable facts which he has ascertained.

At the temperature of 39°, the specific gravity of a saturated solution of nitre and common salt is 1.3057. It is composed of

Water	61.74
Nitre	16.06
Common salt	22.20

100.00

Now 61.74 parts of water, of the temperature 39°, are capable of dissolving only 9.823 parts of nitre; so that the solubility of the nitre was increased by the presence of the common salt in the ratio of 155 to 100. Probably at lower temperatures the solubility of nitre in water would be doubled by the presence of common salt.

At the temperature of 64½°, the sp. gr. of the saturated solution of nitre in distilled water is 1.161. It is composed of

Water	78.37
Nitre	21.63

100.00

The following table exhibits the effect of the addition of common salt (added in different proportions) upon the power of such a solution to dissolve additional quantities of nitre. The temperature is always supposed to be 64½°. The first column gives the quantity of solution of nitre employed; the second that of common salt added; the third that of the nitre dissolved, in consequence of the presence of the common salt; the fourth that of the nitre in solution in the liquid employed; the fifth the total of saltpetre in the liquid, including both the original quantity and the new quantity rendered soluble by the common salt. The sixth column gives the specific gravity of this compound liquid, containing both nitre and common salt.

Quantity of solution of nitre employed.	Common salt added.	Nitre dissolved by means of the common salt.	Nitre in the original solution.	Total nitre dissolved.	Sp. gr. of the solutions.
Grammes.	Grammes.	Grammes.	Grammes.	Grammes.	Grammes.
100	5.00	0.746	21.63	22.376	1.1871
100	10.00	1.267	21.63	22.897	1.2212
100	15.00	1.658	21.63	23.288	1.2523
100	20.00	1.827	21.63	23.457	1.2832
100	25.00	2.583	21.63	24.213	1.3096
100	26.85	3.220	21.63	24.850	1.3290

M. Longchamp considers this increased solubility of the nitre as occasioned by the mutual decomposition of the two salts by each other.—(Ann. de Chim. et Phys. ix. 10.)

Observations upon the Alveus, or general Bed of the German Ocean and British Channel. By Robert Stevenson, Esq. Civil Engineer.

This paper contains a very particular and curious detail of the wasting effects of the sea upon the coasts of Scotland, which the author, from his official situation, as inspector of the northern light houses, has had the annual means of ascertaining for these several years past. He states, and indeed the fact is notorious, that the sea has within these few years past washed away a good deal of land from the south shore of the Frith of Forth, and from various other parts of the coast both of Scotland and England which he enumerates. This wearing away of the coast he ascribes to the gradual filling up of the channel of the German Ocean. The consequence of the continual deposition of matter washed from the dry land by the action of the rivers must, he conceives, have a tendency to fill up the bottom of that ocean, and of course to raise its level. Mr. Stevenson is disposed to generalize this, and to

consider it as general all over the globe; so that, in his opinion, the level of the ocean over the whole of our globe is every where rising.

This rise of the level of the ocean, in consequence of the deposition of the detritus of the dry land into its bed, was the foundation of Dr. Hutton's theory of the earth. The accuracy of the conclusion was disputed with much zeal by Deluc and Kirwan, and defended with great eloquence by Prof. Playfair. Without entering into so intricate a controversy, it may be sufficient to observe that Mr. Stevenson's arguments prove too much. If the devastations upon the coasts of Great Britain are owing to the filling up of the channel of the German Ocean and the consequent rise of the surface of that ocean, this filling up of the bed of that ocean must be going on with prodigious rapidity. I myself remember perfectly since the road between New-haven and Leith went much within the present high water mark, and since there was a space of ground between it and the sea. I remember, and many of the inhabitants of Edinburgh and Leith must likewise remember, the violent storm by which this piece of land was swept away; and from the nature of the soil in that part of the coast, when the wasting process has once begun, it is likely to go on for a considerable space. But that there is not the least alteration in the height of the surface of the Frith of Forth is quite obvious from the marks upon Leith pier; for the tide rises no higher on that pier at present than it did 20 years ago. Probably indeed no perceptible change has taken place in that height for centuries; for some of the harbours on the north coast of the Frith seem to have remained unaltered for several hundred years. I have no doubt that the sea is shallower in different parts of the coast of Great Britain at present than formerly. But this change can be very well accounted for by local causes, which, in most cases, are sufficiently obvious. The author has not taken into his consideration many examples that might be adduced even upon our own coast of the land gaining on the sea. If the surface of the ocean had really risen, no one instance of that kind could possibly exist.

Remarks respecting the Causes of Organization. By Dr. Barclay.

The author was led to the observations in this paper from perusing a description of a monstrous foetus, by the late Dr. Sandifort. Professor of Physic, Anatomy, and Surgery, in the University of Leyden. This foetus wanted all the bones of the cranium, except those which constitute the base. Instead of a brain it had a soft substance, differing from that organ in form, magnitude, and colour. Dr. Sandifort was of opinion that the brain had once existed in this and similar monsters, and that it had afterwards disappeared in consequence of some accidental injury. But Dr. Barclay conceives that we have no evidence for this: and that in many cases, as where the head, the head and neck, the head, neck, and shoulders, or the intestines, are wanting altogether, no such supposition can be formed. Living beings, he says, originate from certain liquids secreted in the organs of the parents. Something in these liquids (that is, the living principle) begins the formation of appropriate organs, and by these organs, once formed, the connexion between the living principle and the external world is maintained.

The subject of a living principle is the most difficult department in science. Much has been written upon the subject, and many opinions, sufficiently whimsical and ridiculous, have been advanced respecting it, but little or no real progress has been made in the discussion. The opinions of modern physiologists differ from those of their predecessors; but they do not seem to be supported by better evidence. It is not difficult, therefore, to predict the fate which several opinions, at present sufficiently fashionable, and considered as plausible or established, are destined to meet with from posterity. Dr. Barclay has devoted much of his time to the study of the living principle, and has at present a work upon it ready for the press. I have no doubt that when it appears, it will do him credit; and that it will contain a full and impartial review of all the opinions that have been advanced regarding it.

Mr. Einstein's Ivory Paper.

This paper possesses a surface, having many of the valuable properties of ivory, and at the same time has the superior advantage of being obtained of a much greater size than ivory can possibly furnish, even nearly as large as the usual sheets of drawing paper. The Society has voted the sum of 30 guineas to Mr. Einstein for this invention.

Rogers's New Poem.

Human Life, a Poem, by Samuel Rogers, London, 1819, Murray—4to. pp. 96—price 10s. 6d.

(Re-published complete in this Journal.)

The lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide lullaby,
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound;
For now the cradle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran,
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sir-loin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine;
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale, told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping heard where only joy has been;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening-fire;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching-hour!

Born in a trance, we wake, reflect, inquire;
And the green earth, the azure sky admire.
Of Elfin size—for ever as we run,
We cast a longer shadow in the sun!
And now a charm, and now a grace is won!

Yet, all forgot, how oft the eye-lids close,
And from the slack hand drops the gathered rose!
How oft, as dead, on the warm turf we lie,
While many an emmet comes with curious eye;
And on her nest the watchful wren sits by!
Nor do we speak or move, or hear or see;
So like what once we were, and once again shall be!

And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,
The boy at sun-rise whistled as he went,
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,
Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green;
The man himself how altered, not the scene!
Now journeying home with nothing but the name;
Way-worn and spent, another and the same;

No eye observes the growth or the decay.
To-day we look as we did yesterday;
Yet white the loveliest smiles, her locks grow grey!
And in her glass could she but see the face
She'll see so soon amidst another race,
How would she shriek!—Returning from afar,
After some years of travel, some of war.

Within his gate Ulysses stood unknown.
Before a wife, a father, and a son!

And such is Human Life, the general theme.
Ah, what at best, what but a longer dream?
Though with such wild romantic wanderings fraught,
Such forms to Fancy's richest colouring wrought,
That, like the visions of a love-sick brain,
Who would not sleep and dream them o'er again?

Our pathway leads but to a precipice;
And all must follow, fearful as it is!
From the first step 'tis known; but—No delay!
On, 'tis decreed. We tremble and obey.
A thousand ills beset us as we go.
—"Still, could I shun the fatal gulf"—Ah, no,
'Tis all in vain—the inexorable Law!
Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.
Verdure springs up; and fruits and flowers invite,
And groves and fountains—all things that delight.
"Oh I would stop, and linger if I might!"
We fly; no resting for the foot we find;
All dark before, all desolate behind!
At length the brink appears—but one step more!
We faint—On, on!—we falter—and 'tis o'er!

Yet here high passions, high desires unfold,
Prompting to noblest deeds; here links of gold
Bind soul to soul; and thoughts divine inspire
A thirst unquenchable, a holy fire
That will not, cannot but with life expire!

Now, seraph-winged, among the stars we soar;
Now distant ages, like a day, explore,
And judge the act, the actor now no more;
Or, in a thankless hour condemned to live,
From others claim what these refuse to give,
And dart, like Milton, an unerring eye
Through the dim curtains of Futurity.

Wealth, Pleasure, Ease, all thought of self resigned,
What will not Man encounter for Mankind?
Behold him now unbar the prison-door,
And, lifting Guilt, Contagion from the floor,
To Peace and Health, and Light and Life restore;
Now in Thermopylae remain to share
Death—nor look back, nor turn a footstep there,
Leaving his story to the birds of air;
And now like Pyriades (in Heaven they write
Name such as his in characters of light)
Long with his friend in generous enmity,
Pleading, insisting in his place to die!

Do what he will, he cannot realize
Half he conceives, the glorious vision flies.
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.
But if by chance an object strike the sense,
The faintest shadow of that Excellence,
Passions, that slept, are stirring in his frame,
Thoughts undefined, feelings without a name!
And some, not here called forth, may slumber on
Till this vain pageant of a world is gone;
Lying too deep for things that perish here,
Waiting for life, but in a nobler sphere!

Look where he comes! Rejoicing in his birth,
A while he moves as in a heaven on earth!
Sun, moon, and stars, the land, the sea, the sky,
To him shine out as 'twere a galaxy!
But soon 'tis past, the light has died away!
With him it came (it was not of the day)
And he himself diffused it, like the stone
That sheds a while a lustre all its own,
Making night beautiful. 'Tis past, 'tis gone,
And in his darkness as he journeys on,
Nothing revives him but the blessed ray
That now breaks in, nor ever knows decay,
Sent from a better world to light him on his way.

How great the Mystery! Let others sing
The circling Year, the promise of the Spring,
The Summer's glory, and the rich repose
Of Autumn, and the Winter's silvery snows.

Man through the changing scene let me pursue,
Himself how wondrous in his changes too!
Not Man, the sullen savage in his den;
But Man called forth in fellowship with men;
Schooled and trained up to Wisdom from his birth;
God's noblest work, His image upon earth?

The hour arrives, the moment wished and feared;
The child is born, by many a pang endeared.
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes, she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the Stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

But soon a nobler task demands her care.
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer.
Telling of Him who sees in secret there!
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wondering eye, now many a written thought
Never to die, with many a hisping sweet
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly;
Oh he would follow, follow through the sky!
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane;
Then runs, and, kneeling by the fountain side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage; or, if now he can,
If now he wears the habit of a man,
Flings off the coat so long his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise!
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight!

Ah who, when fading of itself away,
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day!
Now is the May of Life. Careering round,
Joy wings his feet. Joy lifts him from the ground!
Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
"These are my Jewels!" Well of such as he,
When Jesus spake, well might his language be,
"Suffer these little ones to come to me!"

Thoughtful by fits, he scans and he reverts
The brow engraven with the Thoughts of Years;
Close by her side his silent homage given
As to some pure Intelligence from Heaven;
His eyes cast downward with ingenuous shame,
His conscious cheeks, conscious of praise or blame,
At once lit up as with a holy flame!
He thirsts for knowledge, speaks but to inquire;
And soon with tears relinquished to the Sire,
Soon in his hand to Wisdom's temple led,
Holds secret converse with the Mighty Dead;
Trembles and thrills and weeps as they inspire,
Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire!
Like Her most gentle, most unfortunate,
Crowned but to die, who in her chamber sate
Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,
And every ear and every heart was won,
And all in green array were chasing down the sun!

Then is the Age of Admiration. Then
Gods walk the earth, or beings more than men!

Ha! then comes thronging many a wild desire,
And high imagining and thought of fire!
Then from within a voice exclaims "Aspire!"
Phantoms, that upward point, before him pass,
As in the Cave athwart the Wizard's glass;
They, that on Youth a grace, a lustre shed,
Of every age, the living and the dead!
Thou, all accomplished Surrey, thou art known;
The flower of Knighthood, nipt as soon as blown!
Melting all hearts but Geraldine's alone!
And, with his beaver up, discovering there
One who loved less to conquer than to spare,
Lo, the Black Warrior, he, who, battle-spent,
Bare-headed served the Captive in his tent!
Young B——n in the groves of Academe,
Or where Ilyssus winds his whispering stream;
Or where the wild bees swarm with ceaseless hum,
Dreaming old dreams, a joy for years to come;
Or on the Rock within the sacred Fane;
Scenes such as Milton sought, but sought in vain:
And Milton's self, apart with beaming eye,
Planning he knows not what, that shall not die!

Oh in thy truth secure, thy virtue bold,
Beware the poison in the cup of gold,
The asp among the flowers. Thy heart beats high,
As bright and brighter breaks the distant sky!
But every step is on enchanted ground.
Danger thou lov'st, and Danger haunts thee round.

Who spurs his horse against the mountain-side;
Then, plunging, slakes his fury in the tide?
Cries ho, and draws; and, where the sun-beams fall,
At his own shadow thrusts along the wall?
Who dances without music; and anon
Sings like the lark, then sighs as woe-begone,
And folds his arms, and, where the willows wave,
Glides in the moon-shine by a maiden's grave?
Come hither, boy, and clear thy open brow.
Yon summer-clouds, now like the Alps, and now
A ship, a whale, change not so fast as thou.

He hears me not. Those sighs were from the heart
Too, too well taught, he plays the lover's part.
He who at masques, nor feigning nor sincere,
With sweet discourse would win a lady's ear,
Lie at her feet and on her slipper swear
That none were half so faultless, half so fair,
Now through the forest hies, a stricken deer,
A banished man, flying when none are near;
And writes on every tree, and fingers long
Where most the nightingale repeats her song;
Where most the nymph, that haunts the silent grove,
Delights to syllable the names we love.

At length he goes, a Pilgrim to the Shrine,
And for a relic would a world resign!
A glove, a shoe-tye, or a flower let fall—
What though the least, Love consecrates them all!
And now he breathes in many a plaintive verse;
Now wins the dull ear of the wily nurse
At early matins ('twas at matin-time)
That first he saw and sickened in his prime),
And soon the Sibyl, in her thirst for gold,
Plays with young hearts that will not be controlled:

"Absence from Thee, as self from self it seems!"
Scaled is the garden-wall; and lo, her beams
Silvering the east, the moon comes up, revealing
His well-known form along the terrace stealing.
—Oh, ere in sight he came, 'twas his to thrill
A heart that loved him though in secret still.
"Am I awake? or is it—can it be
"An idle dream that nightly visits me?
"That strain," she cries, "as from the water rose.
"Now near and nearer through the shade it flows!—
"Now sinks departing, sweetest in its close!"
"No casement gleams; no Juliet, like the day,
Comes forth and speaks and bids her lover stay.
Still, like aerial music heard from far,
Nightly it rises with the evening-star.

—She loves another! Love was in that sigh!
On the cold ground he throws himself to die.

Fond Youth, beware. Thy heart is most deceiving
Who wish are fearful; who suspect, believing.
—And soon her looks the rapturous truth avow.
Lovely before, oh say how lovely now!
She flies not, frowns not, though he pleads his cause;
Nor yet, nor yet her hand from his withdraws;
But by some secret Power surprized, subdued,
(Ah how resist! Nor would she if she could.)
Falls on his neck as half unconscious where,
Glad to conceal her tears, her blushes there.

Then come those full confidings of the past:
All sunshine now where all was overcast.
Then do they wonder till the day is gone,
Lost in each other; and, when Night steals on,
Covering them round, how sweet her accents are!
Oh when she turns and speaks, her voice is far,
Far above singing! But soon nothing stirs
To break the silence, Joy like his, like hers,
Deals not in words; and now the shadows close,
Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly! As departs the day
All that was mortal seems to melt away,
Till, like a gift resumed as soon as given,
She fades at last into a Spirit from Heaven!

Then are they blest indeed; and swift the hours
Till her young Sisters wreath her hair in flowers,
Kindling her beauty, while, unseen, the least
Twitches her robe, then runs behind the rest,
Known by her laugh that will not be suppressed.
Then before All they stand, the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing!
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject, ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked to rapture by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise
Ere to the gate with nymph-like step she flies,
And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy,
With smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy,
To meet him coming; theirs through every year
Pure transports, such as each to each endear!
And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill
Their halls with gladness. She, when all are still,
Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,
In sleep how beautiful! He, when the sky
Gleams, and the wood sends up its harmony,
When, gathering round his bed, they climb to share
His kisses, and with gentle violence there
Break in upon a dream not half so fair,
Up to the hill-top leads their little feet;
Or by the forest-lodge, perchance to meet
The stag-herd on its march, perchance to hear
The otter rustling in the sedgy mere;
Or to the echo near the Abbot's tree,
That gave him back his words of pleasantry
When the House stood, no merrier man than he!
And, as they wonder with a keen delight,
If but a leveret catch their quicker sight
Down a green alley, or a squirrel then
Climb the gnarled oak, and look and climb again,
If but a moth flit by, an acorn fall,
He turns their thoughts to Him who made them all;
These with unequal footsteps following fast,
These clinging by his cloak, unwilling to be lost.

The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,
And the swart seaman, sailing far below,
Not undelighted watch the morning-ray
Purpling the orient, till it breaks away,
And burns and blazes into glorious day!

But happier still is he who turns to trace
That sun, the soul, just dawning in the face;
The burst, the glow, the animating strife,
The thoughts and passions stirring into life;
The forming utterance, the inquiring glance,
The giant waking from his ten-fold trance,
Till up he starts as conscious whence he came,
And all is light within the trembling frame;

What then a Father's feelings? Joy and Fear
Prevail in turn, Joy most; and through the year
Tempering the ardent, urging night and day
Him who shrinks back or wanders from the way,
Praising each highly, from a wish to raise
Their merits to the level of his Praise.
Onward in their observing sight he moves,
Fearful of wrong, in awe of whom he loves!
Their sacred presence who shall dare profane?
Who, when He slumbers, hope to fix a stain!
He lives a model in his life to show,
That, when he dies and through the world they go,
Some men may pause and say, when some admire,
"They are his sons, and worthy of their sire!"

But Man is born to suffer. On the door
Sickness has set her mark; and now no more
Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild
As of a mother singing to her child.
All now in anguish from that room retire,
Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,
And Innocence breathes contagion, all but one,
But she who gave it birth, from her alone
The medicine-cup is taken. Through the night,
And through the day, that with its dreary light
Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,
Watching the changes with her anxious eye:
While they without, listening below, above,
(Who but in sorrow know how much they love?)
From every little noise catch hope and fear,
Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,
Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness
That would in vain the starting tear repress.

Such grief was ours, it seems but yesterday—
When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,
'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh
At midnight in a Sister's arms to die!
Oh thou wert lovely, lovely was thy frame,
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came!
And, when recalled to join the blest above,
Thou didst a victim to exceeding love,
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,
When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
Once in thy mirth thou badst me write on thee;
And now I write, what thou shalt never see!

At length the Father, vain his power to save,
Follows his child in silence to the grave,
(That child how cherished, whom he would not give,
Sleeping the sleep of death, for all that live!)

Takes a last look, when, not unheard, the spade
Scatters the earth as "dust to dust" is said,
Takes a last look and goes; his best relief
Consoling others in that hour of grief,
And with sweet tears and gentle words infusing
The holy calm that leads to heavenly musing.

— But hark, the din of arms! no time for sorrow.
To horse, to horse! A day of blood to-morrow!
One parting pang, and then—and then I fly.
Fly to the field to triumph, or to die!—
He goes, and Night comes as it never came!
With shrieks of horror! and a vault of flame!
And lo! when morning mocks the desolate,
Red runs the river by; and at the gate
Breathless a horse without his rider stands!
But hush!—a shout from the victorious bands!
And oh the smiles and tears, a sire restored!
One wears his helm, one buckles on his sword;
One hangs the wall with laurel-leaves, and all
Spring to prepare the soldier's festival;
While She best-loved, till then forsaken never,
Clings round his neck as she would cling for ever!

Such golden deeds lead on to golden days,
Days of domestic peace, by him who plays
On the great stage how uneventful thought;
Yet with a thousand busy projects fraught,
A thousand incidents that stir the mind
To pleasure, such as leaves no sting behind!
Such as the heart delights in, and records
Within how silently, in more than words!
A Holiday, the frugal banquet spread
On the fresh herbage near the fountain-head
With quips and cranks, what time the wood-lark there
Scatters her loose notes on the sultry air,
What time the king-fisher sits perched below,
Where, silver bright, the water-lilies blow :—
A Wake, the booths whitening the village-green,
Where Punch and Scaramouch aloft are seen;
Sign beyond sign in close array unfurled,
Picturing at large the wonders of the world;
And far and wide, over the vicar's pale
Black hoods and scarlet crossing hill and dale,
All, all abroad, and music in the gale :—
A Wedding-dance—a dance into the night
On the barn-floor, when maiden-feet are light;
When the young bride receives the promised dower,
And flowers are flung, 'herself a fairer flower :—
A morning visit to the poor man's shed,
(Who would be rich while One was wanting bread?)
When all are emulous to bring relief,
And tears are falling fast—but not for grief :—
A walk in spring—Gr-tt-n, like those with thee,
By the heath-side (who had not envied me?)
When the sweet limes, so full of bees in June,
Led us to meet beneath their boughs at noon;
And thou didst say which of the Great and Wise,
Could they but hear and at thy bidding rise,
Thou wouldst call up and question.

Graver things
Come in their turn, Morning and Evening brings—
Its holy office; and the sabbath-bell;
That over wood and wild and mountain-dell
Wanders so far, chasing all thought unholy
With sounds 'most musical, most melancholy,'
Not on his ear is lost. Then he pursues
The pathway leading through the aged yews,
Nor unattended; and when all are there,
Pours out his spirit in the House of Prayer
That House with many a funeral-garland hung
Of virgin-white—memorials of the young,
The last yet fresh when marriage-chimes were ringing
And hope and joy in other hearts were springing;
That House where age led in by Filial Love,
Their looks composed, their thoughts on things above,
The world forgot, or all its wrongs forgiven—
Who would not say they trod the path to Heaven?

Nor at the fragrant hour—at early dawn—
Under the beech-tree on his level lawn,
Or in his porch is he less duly found,
When they that cry for Justice gather round,
And in that cry her sacred voice is drowned;
His then to hear, and weigh and arbitrate,
Like Alfred judging at his palace gate.
Healed at his touch, the wounds of discord close;
And they return as friends, that came as foes.

Thus, while the world but claims its proper part,
Oft in the head but never in the heart,
His life steals on; within his quiet dwelling
That homefelt joy all other joys excelling.
Sick of the crowd, when enters he, nor then
Forgets the cold indifference of men?
But nothing lasts. In Autumn at his plough
Met and solicited, behold him now
Serving the State again—not as before,
Not foot to foot, the wa'-whoop at his door;
But in the Senate; and (though round him fly
The jest, the sneer, the subtle sophistry,)
With honest dignity, with manly sense,
And every charm of natural eloquence,
Like Hampden struggling in his country's cause,
The first, the foremost to obey the laws.

The last to brook oppression. On he moves,
Careless of blame while his own heart approves,
Careless of ruin ("For the general good
'Tis not the first time I shall shed my blood.")
On through that gate misnamed, through which before
Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More,
On into twilight within walls of stone,
Then to the place of trial; and alone,
Alone before his judges in array
Stands for his life; there, on that awful day,
Counsel of friends, all human help denied—
All but from her who sits the pen to guide,
Like that sweet Saint who sate by Russell's side
Under the Judgment-seat.—But guilty men
Triumph not always. To his hearth again,
Again with honour to his hearth restored,
Lo, in the accustomed chair and at the board,
Thrice greeting those that most withdraw their claim,
(The humblest servant calling by his name,
He reads thanksgiving in the eyes of all,
All met as at a holy festival!
—On the day destined for his funeral!
Lo, there the Friend, who, entering where he lay,
Breathed in his drowsy ear "Away, away!
Take thou my cloak. Nay, start not, but obey—
Take it and leave me." And the blushing Maid,
Who through the streets as through a desert strayed;
And, when her dear, dear Father passed along,
Would not be held—but, bursting through the throng,
Halberd and battle-axe—kissed him o'er and o'er;
Then turned and went—then sought him as before,
Believing she should see his face no more!
And oh! how changed at once—no heroine here,
But a weak woman, worn with grief and fear,
Her darling Mother! 'Twas but now she smiled,
And now she weeps upon her weeping child!
—But who sits by, her only wish below
At length fulfilled—and now prepared to go?
His hands on hers—as through the mists of night,
She gazes on him with imperfect sight;
Her glory now, as ever her delight!
—To her, methinks, a second Youth is giv'n;
The light upon her face a light from Heaven!

An hour like this is worth a thousand passed
In pomp or ease—'tis present to the last!
Years glide away untold—'tis still the same!
As fresh, as fair as on the day it came!

And now once more where most he loved to be,
In his own fields—breathing tranquillity—
We hail him—not less happy, Fox, than thee!
Thee at St Anne's so soon of Care beguiled,
Playful, sincere, and artless as a child!
Thee, who wouldst watch a bird's nest on the spray,
Through the green leaves exploring, day by day,
How oft from grove to grove, from seat to seat,
With thee conversing in thy loved retreat,
I saw the sun go down! Ah, then 'twas thine
Ne'er to forget some volume half divine,
Shakespeare's or Dryden's, thro' the chequered shade
Borne in thy hand behind thee as we strayed;
And where we sate (and many a halt we made)
To read there with a fervour all thy own,
And in thy grand and melancholy tone,
Some splendid passage not to thee unknown,
Fit theme for long discourse. Thy bell has tolled!
—But in thy place among us we behold
One that resembles thee.

'Tis the sixth hour.
The village-clock strikes from the distant tower.
The ploughman leaves the field; the traveller hears,
And to the inn spurs forward. Nature wears
Her sweetest smile; the day-star in the west
Yet hovering, and the thistles down at rest,

And such his labour done, the calm. He knows,
Whose footsteps we have followed. Round him glows
An atmosphere that brightens to the last;
The light, that shines, reflected from the Past,
—And from the Future too! Active in Thought
Among old books, old friends; and not unsought

By the wise stranger—in his morning-hours,
When gentle airs stir the fresh-blowing flowers,
He muses, turning up the idle weed;
Or prunes or grafts, or in the yellow mead
Watches his bees at hiving time; and now,
The ladder resting on the orchard bough,
Culls the delicious fruit that hangs in air,
The purple plum, green fig, or golden pear,
Mid sparkling eyes, and hands uplifted there.

At night, when all, assembling round the fire,
Closer and closer draw till they retire,
A tale is told of India or Japan,
Of merchants from Golconda or Astracan,
What time wild Nature revelled unrestrained,
And Sinbad voyaged and the Caliphs reigned;—
Of some Norwegian, while the icy gale
Rings in the shrouds and beats the iron sail,
Among the snowy Alps of Polar seas
Immoveable for ever there to freeze!
Or some great Caravan, from well to well
Winding as darkness on the desert fell,
In their long march, such as the Prophet bids,
To Mecca from the Land of Pyramids,
And in an instant lost, a hollow wave
Of burning sand their everlasting grave!—
Now the scene shifts to Venice, to a square
Glittering with light, all nations masking there,
With light reflected on the tremulous tide,
Where gondolas in gay confusion glide,
Answering the jest, the song on every side;
To Naples next, and at the crowded gate,
Where Grief and Fear and wild Amazement wait,
Lo, on his back a Son brings in his Sire,
Vesuvius blazing like a World on fire!
Then, at a sign that never was forgot,
A strain breaks forth (who hears and loves it not?)
From lute or organ! 'Tis at parting given,
That in their slumbers they may dream of Heaven;
Young voices mingling, as it floats along,
In Tuscan air or Handel's sacred song!

And she, aspires, whose beauty shines in all;
So soon to weave a daughter's coronal,
And at the nuptial rite smile through her tears;
So soon to hover round her full of fears,
And with assurance sweet her soul revive
In child-birth—when a mother's love is most alive!

No, 'tis not here that Solitude is known.
Through the wide world he only is alone
Who lives not for another. Come what will,
The generous man has his companion still;
The cricket on his hearth; the buzzing fly
That skims his roof, or, he his roof the sky,
Still with its note of gladness passes by:
And, in an iron cage condemned to dwell,
The cage that stands within the dungeon-cell,
He feeds his spider—happier at the worst
Than he at large who in himself is curst!
Oh thou all-eloquent, whose mighty mind,
Streams from the depth of ages on mankind,
Streams like the day—who, angel-like, hast shed
Thy full effulgence on the hoary head,
Speaking in Cato's venerable voice,
"Look up, and faint not—faint not, but rejoice!"
From the Elysium guide him. Age has now;
Stamped with its signet that ingenuous brow;
And, 'mid his old hereditary trees,
Trees he has climbed so soft, he sits and sees,
His children's children playing round his knees:
Then happiest, youngest, when the quoit is flung
When side by side the archers' bows are stung;
His to prescribe the place, adjudge the prize,
Envy no more the young their energies
Than they an old man when his words are wise;
His a delight how pure, without alloy;
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in their joy!

Now in their turn assisting, they repay
The anxious cares of many and many a day;

And now by those he loves relieved, restored,
His very wants and weaknesses afford
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,
Leaning on them, how oft he stops and talks,
While they look up! Their questions their replies,
Fresh as the welling waters, round him rise,
Gladdening his spirit: and his theme the past,
How eloquent he is! His thoughts flow fast;
And while his heart (oh can the heart grow old?
False are the tales that in the World are told!)
Swells in his voice, he knows not where to end;
Like one discoursing of an absent friend.

But there are moments which he calls his own.
Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves, not dead, but gone before;
He gathers round him; and revives at will
Scenes in his life, that breathe enchantment still,
That come not now at dreary intervals—
But where a light as from the Blessed falls,
A light such guests bring ever—pure and holy—
Lapping the souls in sweetest melancholy!
—Ah then less willing (nor the choice condemn)
To live with others than to think on them!

And now behold him up the hill ascending,
Memory and Hope like evening-stars attending;
Sustained, excited, till his course is run,
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.
When on his couch he sinks at length to rest,
Those by his counsel saved, his power redressed,
Those by the World shunned ever as unblest,
At whom the rich man's dog growls from the gate,
But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,
Come and stand round—the widow with her child,
As when she first forgot her tears and smiled!
They, who watch by him, see not; but he sees,
Sees and exults—Were ever dreams like these?
They, who watch by him, hear not; but he hears,
And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears!

'Tis past! That hand we grasped, alas, in vain!
Nor shall we look upon his face again!
But to his closing eyes, for all were there,
Nothing was wanting; and, through many a year,
We shall remember with a fond delight
The words so precious which we heard to-night;
His parting, though awhile our sorrow flows.
Like setting suns or music at the close!

Then was the drama ended. Not till then,
So full of chance and change the lives of men,
Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure
From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,
He slept in peace, say rather soared to heaven,
Upborne from Earth by Him to whom 'tis given
In his right hand to hold the golden key
That opens the portals of eternity.
When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an Angel sits upon the stone;
Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,
Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly bright;
And, with a voice inspiring joy not fear,
Says, pointing upward, that he is not here,
That he is risen!

But the day is spent;
And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent—though like ours perchance
Busy and full of life and circumstance;
Where some the paths of Wealth and Power pursue,
Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few;
And as the sun goes round, a sun not ours,
While from her lap another Nature showers
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,
Think on themselves, within, without inquire;
At distance dwell on all that passes there,
All that their world reveals of good and fair;
And, as they wander, picturing things, like me,
Not as they are, but as they ought to be,
Trace out the Journey through their little day,
And fondly dream an idle hour away.